



SATURDAY, JAN. 29, 1910.

nessed a quarrel between them.

"And, oh, yes," she added a moment later, "the man that killed Hargraves robbed him of \$10,000, and, of course, Lawrence Challenor wouldn't rob a man, much less kill one, so, don't you see, there's nothing in the story at all."

"I don't know," answered Miriam slowly, "whether he would or not."

"What?" gasped the girl.

"Don't misunderstand me," pleaded the woman. "There are two Lawrence Challenors. One is the man I love—that loves me; the other is the Lawrence Challenor who—well, I don't care," she added fiercely, "what he's done, I want him back."

"You didn't know," Shirley, that we had a quarrel. I treated him badly, shamefully. He hasn't come back since."

"You quarreled—yes, Miriam!"

"About money," admitted the conscience-stricken woman—"money. He wanted me to give him some. Men have got to have money," she went on, repeating his words, "I wouldn't give him any. It was brutal in me. I can never forgive myself."

A look of astonishment crossed Shirley's face.

"You wouldn't give him any money? And he didn't have any when he went away?"

Miriam wept. After a moment she answered:

"No. My poor Laurie! Think of him starving, freezing, perhaps dying."

Shirley Bloodgood drew a long breath.

"And Colonel Hargraves was robbed," she murmured to herself.

"I don't think you understand," Miriam went on, breaking in upon her thoughts.

"Laurie is guilty of the things they charge him with. But he must come back and stand trial and be acquitted—and I must stand by his side through it all." She broke down completely.

"What's that?" inquired Mrs. Challenor, starting up nervously, in alarm.

"It's that horrible bell ringing again," she went on breathlessly.

Shirley stole to the door and listened. Suddenly the door was pushed stealthily open.

Stevens came in and stood at attention. He drew a long intake of breath, then he spoke the name:

"Mr. Challenor!"

And hardly were the words out of his mouth than he was thrust aside, and there stood in his place a spare, gaunt, tottering figure—a man disheveled, soiled, exhausted—James Lawrence Challenor had come home!

The young wife's face turned pale, and for a moment words failed her. Then all of a sudden she sprang to her feet, crying in an ecstasy of joy:

"Laurie! Laurie! You've come home to me at last!" And throwing her arms around his neck, she kissed him many times, laughing hysterically and crying the while, "You've come back to me!"

But Challenor cast her off with a frantic sweep of the arm.

"Keep away!" he cried. "I'm dog tired! I've got to sleep, sleep!"

Shirley was keenly alive to what his presence there might mean.

"Stevens," she called, pointing to a window, "pull that curtain down. I pulled it up after they went; pull it down."

Challenor now turned upon her.

"Leave the curtain alone, I tell you," he said. "I don't care if it is up. I don't care about you either, nor you looking at my wife. I don't know you. I must have sleep, sleep, sleep."

Deep down in her soul Shirley knew that she should not hear all this, and she would have fled if she had not promised Miriam not to leave her.

Miriam now went over to the girl.

"You're not going to leave me?" she exclaimed, clinging to her. "You and Laurie are the only friends I have. You must stay here with Laurie and me."

Shirley patted her affectionately.

"There, there, Miriam, dear, of course I shall stay," Miriam, reassured, darted back to her husband and cried:

"Laurie, dear," kissing him and pushing the hair back from his forehead, "so tired, so tired."

But Challenor, a wolf now and not a man, jerked away from her and answered:

"I came home, didn't I? Well, then, I must have sleep, sleep; I tell you, sleep. And, tottering over to a dainty silken covered sofa, he threw himself upon it, with a deep sigh.

Miriam went down on her knees and drew him to her in a close embrace.

"Everything's all right now that you've come back," she told him with a gasp. "And, dear, you'll forgive me for quarreling with you. I'm so sorry; yes, I am, Laurie," kissing him on the lips, the face, the forehead.

"Say you'll forgive me, Laurie, dear!" His answer was a snore.

"Miriam," whispered Shirley, "we must not forget that Murgatroyd and his men have only just left. We must not let him lie here. It was lucky they searched the house when they did."

"No," objected Miriam. "He must sleep."

"No, no, Miriam," persisted Shirley, putting great emphasis on the words. "We ought to tell him what kind of evidence is against him. If we didn't warn him in time he'd never forgive us."

"Perhaps you're right, Shirley. You seem to be always right. Yes, I suppose he ought to know," gently Miriam shook him, rocked him to and fro upon the sofa as some mother might wake a drowsy, growling boy on a lazy summer morn.

"Lawrence," she cried softly in his ear, "wake up; dear, wake up."

For an instant Challenor stirred.

"I can hardly realize that Laurie is back," murmured Miriam happily. Unconscious of the other's words, she remained kneeling at the side of the dainty sofa with its far from dainty burden, her arm still about the neck of the man who slept upon it.

At that instant as Miriam and Shirley stood clustered about the sleeping thing the bell once more broke out in feeble clamor.

"The bell!" chorused the women and stood frozen silent. They heard Stevens tolling up the stairs, waited, watched the door. Finally they saw him enter.

"It's the prosecutor's men again, madam," said the butler. "They've come to see."

"Stevens," interrupted Shirley, "sure you didn't tell them that?"

"They said they saw him!"

Shirley groaned and pointed to the sofa. Mrs. Challenor rose to her feet and stood before it as if to hide the man upon it.

"You left them outside, Stevens?"

"One of them. The other forced his way in."

A maid, quivering with fear and indignation, burst in with:

"There's a man coming upstairs, madam, but I stopped him. He said he'd wait out there on the landing to see you—said he knew Mr. Challenor was in the house and he was going to arrest him."

"Oh, dear! There's nothing to be done, I suppose, but to let the man in," Mrs. Challenor was speaking to Shirley now, and then without waiting for a reply she ordered Foster to show the man up, adding, "I hope he'll wait until Laurie wakes."

Instantly Miriam crossed to the sofa and once more rested her soft, warm face on his, hoping that he could feel the love that she bore for him. Then she shook him somewhat roughly.

"Laurie, dear, you must wake up. And then like a flash the thought of



"Is the thing loaded?" queried McGrath, resistance crossed her mind. She sprang up with a cry, rushed past Shirley, past Stevens, reached the door, closed it, fumbled for an instant and, finding the key, locked it tight.

"No, no," she muttered, "they shall not take him—I won't let them—he belongs to me!"

In a frenzy she piled up the light chairs and tables and pushed them against the door to form a barricade, crying the while to Stevens: "Help me, quick! We've got to keep them out!"

We must not let them in, must not!"

Shirley caught her in her arms.

"Don't, dear, don't! We can't help it, don't you see?"

"Of course we can't help it," after a moment Miriam said resignedly and proceeded to pull the chairs and tables away that she had so vigorously piled up. Wearily she fell into a chair.

Mixley entered the room. McGrath following soon after.

At the sight of them Miriam rushed back to her husband, speaking his name softly.

"If you would only let him sleep—just a little while longer," she said falteringly to the men.

"You must leave him to us, ma'am," spoke up Mixley.

And suddenly together the men bodily lifted Challenor from the sofa and as suddenly dropped him back again.

He did not even glance at his wife, who clung to the girl and sobbed on her breast.

The prosecutor nodded to his subordinates, and immediately they seized Challenor by the arm and started toward the door.

"No, no," cried Miriam, tearing herself from Shirley's hold, "don't take him away!" And again and again with all the force left in her: "No, no, no! Oh, Laurie!"

The doors closed behind the men. Then Miriam sank down upon the soiled sofa, where he had lain and sobbed as though her heart would break.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCOURGE OF HOOKWORM

Twenty-five Per Cent of Mill Employees in South Infected.

Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 19.—"The most serious infectious disease in the south is that of the hookworm," declared Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, of the United States public health service, at the opening session of the first national conference called for the study of this disease.

Twenty-five per cent of the mill employees of the south are infected with the hookworm, said Dr. Stiles. He based the statement on personal visits made by him to 128 mills in southern states.

"And one chamber empty?"

"Oh, yes," she acknowledged almost eagerly as he placed his finger on it.

"there's surely one chamber empty. I see it now."

McGrath hesitated, but Mixley went on:

"Will you smell it, please—just the end of it—the muzzle!"

"A Fourth of July smell," Miriam faintly ventured, "gunpowder, of course."

McGrath had another card to play. "Look at this here figure on this here gun, will you, ma'am? Here—there it is. I want you to tell me what it is."

"What is it, Shirley?" asked Miriam, bringing it closer to the light.

Shirley peered at it. Finally she declared:

"It's '38," touching the gun lightly.

"There, now," exclaimed Mixley, "you can say we ain't been fair. You saw us take it from him. You examined it, and you told us what you saw. That's fair. See?"

"Yes, but what of it?" asked Shirley and Miriam in one breath.

McGrath opened his eyes in mock wonder.

"Why, bless me, didn't you know? This here Colonel Hargraves was shot by a bullet that came out of a '38 caliber revolver; that's all. We wanted to be fair."

"Fair?" Shirley cried bitterly. "And Mr. Murgatroyd sanctions such methods—will use us for evidence!"

But even then Miriam did not understand. She was watching Mixley and McGrath, who were lifting Challenor up and dropping him—watching them draw him up to a standing posture and then throw him back again on the sofa, calling the while:

"Wake up! Wake up!"

"I've got to sleep," was all they could get out of him.

At last a drop more vigorous than the preceding ones caused Challenor to open his eyes. Then he closed them again.

"Are you James Lawrence Challenor?" asked Mixley, loudly, peremptorily.

"I am," Challenor answered. "Now leave me alone."

And now again the bell. And a moment later Murgatroyd, the prosecutor, stood in the doorway. The heat of much haste was on his brow.

"Has he talked?" Murgatroyd asked.

"No," answered the men.

"Lift him to his feet."

The men did so.

And then the women heard him snap sharply:

"Challenor, wake up! This is Murgatroyd, the prosecutor!" Challenor opened his eyes, yawned stupidly and stood squarely on his feet without any help.

"Hello, Murgatroyd!" he said.

"Challenor," said Murgatroyd, "I am not here as your friend. I am the prosecutor."

"I understand," said Challenor.

"Very well, then," went on Murgatroyd, "you know why I am here. I charge you now, Challenor, with the murder of Colonel Richard Hargraves. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly," was Challenor's reply.

"You want to take me into custody? All right, only let me sleep when I get there, will you?"

"Wait a minute, Challenor," persisted Murgatroyd. "It's my duty to inform you that anything you say will be used against you. You must not forget that I am the prosecutor."

Miriam came forward quickly.

"Oh, Laurie, dear, don't say anything just yet!" she cried in alarm.

Shirley seconded her warning, saying quickly:

"Don't say a word to Mr. Murgatroyd until you have seen a lawyer."

Challenor, still sullen, looked over his shoulder at his wife.

"Who's saying all this? Only a lot of women. What do they know?"

And turning back to Murgatroyd, "See here, Murgatroyd, let's get this straight, shall we?" And he looked at him full in the eye. "You're the prosecutor and anything I say will be used against me. Is that right? Well, this little matter is just as simple as A B C. And, suddenly drawing himself up to his full height, he went on in a loud, clear voice:

"I waited for Richard Hargraves with—"

"I warned you!" cried Murgatroyd, stretching forth a hand.

Challenor scornfully refused to listen.

"And when I found him"—He glanced about him defiantly and gave an imitation of a man taking aim and shooting. "There, now, you know the facts."

Murgatroyd turned to his two men.

"It's a case of willful, deliberate, premeditated murder—murder in the first degree. Take him away."

Shirley was on her feet in an instant.

"Oh, Mr. Challenor," she cried, springing forward, "why did you tell him?"

"Come on!" Challenor called out gruffly to the men. "Take me away!"

He did not even glance at his wife, who clung to the girl and sobbed on her breast.

The prosecutor nodded to his subordinates, and immediately they seized Challenor by the arm and started toward the door.

"No, no," cried Miriam, tearing herself from Shirley's hold, "don't take him away!" And again and again with all the force left in her: "No, no, no! Oh, Laurie!"

The doors closed behind the men. Then Miriam sank down upon the soiled sofa, where he had lain and sobbed as though her heart would break.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PHOTOS.

We offer you, the latest and most artistic photos, at a more moderate figure, than you can obtain elsewhere. Special attention paid to children. Enlarging and copying interior view work.

We will also be pleased to quote you prices on exterior and from old photos, a specialty.

Geo. O. Brown, PHOTOGRAPHER,
603 North 2nd St., Richmond, Va.

Hat Repairing.

Soft and Stiff Hats Cleaned, 25cts.; Cleaned and Blocked, 50cts. Binding, Bands and Sweat Leathers. The Old Reliable Hat Makers and Renovators. Hats Made to Order. Stetson Shape a Specialty.

AMERICAN HAT CLEANERS,
Shop, 404 E. Marshall St.

LADIES LOOK!

Every lady can have a beautiful and luxuriant head of hair if she uses a MAGIC. After a shampoo or bath the Magic dries the hair, removing the dandruff, and it will straighten the curliest head of hair.

The Magic will not burn or injure the hair, because the comb is never heated. The Aluminum Comb is easily detached from the Magic, and the comb goes back into place and is held by a "pin" of the handle.

The Magic Heater is also suitable for curling tress, has a cover and can be carried in a hand bag. Magic Shampoo Drier \$1.00. Magic Alcohol Heater \$1.00. Liberal terms to agents.

Magic Shampoo Drier Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

W. I. JOHNSON,
Funeral Director and Embalmer,
Office & Warerooms, 207 N. Foushee St. Cor. Broad.
HACKS FOR HIRE.
Orders by Telephone or Telegraph filled. Weddings, Suppers and Entertainments promptly attended.
Telephone, 686. Residence in Building.

PROF. D. D. BRUCE, M. D.

Strange, Wonderful, but True are the awe stricken tests given by The Great Australian Medium.

PROF. D. D. BRUCE, M. D.

the only living Apostle of Science of the Mysteries.

\$5000 in Gold to any one in the World to compete with him. Possessing more power than any four mediums combined.

No card, trance or hand humbug.

Greatest Hindoo Medium in the World.

SO GREAT IS HIS POWER that he can tell you while in a Clairvoyant state, all you wish to know with out a word being spoken. Come, all ye unbelievers, scoffers and fearers, bring all your eyes to the private chamber mystery. Come all ye broken hearted wives, all with low spirits and let him lift the burden from your aching and jealous heart. He challenges the World to compete with him in causing a speedy marriage with the one you love: uniting the separated and bring back the lost one. Traces lost or stolen goods. Uncovers hidden treasures. Removes evil influences. Cures, Spells, Ill Luck, cures tricks and Conjurings, gives Luck and Success in all you undertake. Cures the Tobacco and Liquor Habits. Allows the Captive to be set Free.

He is the only one that will give a Written Guarantee to complete your business or refund your money. Are you sick? Do you know what the trouble is with you? Come and Consult Nature's Doctor.

Rheumatism, Insomnia, Hysteria and all Diseases cured. Points given on Horse Racing and All Games of Chance.

Everything Everything
IN **FURNITURE** AND **FURNITURE SPECIALTIES**
FLOOR COVERINGS
SYDNOR & HUNDLEY, INC.
Leaders.
709 711 713 EAST BROAD STREET.

Everything Everything
IN **FURNITURE** AND **FURNITURE SPECIALTIES**
FLOOR COVERINGS
SYDNOR & HUNDLEY, INC.
Leaders.
709 711 713 EAST BROAD STREET.

Phone, 577. Richmond, Va.

A. D. PRICE,
Funeral Director, Embalmer and Liveryman.
All orders promptly filled at short notice by telegraph or telephone. Halls rented for meetings and also entertainments. Plenty of room with all necessary conveniences. Large picnic or band wagons for hire at reasonable rates and nothing but first-class, carriage, buggies, etc. Keep constantly on hand fine funeral supplies.

No. 212 East Leigh Street.
(Residence Next Door.)
OPEN ALL DAY AND NIGHT—Man on Duty All Night.

KLINCOLN HAIR POMADE

MAKES KINKY HAIR SOFT REMOVES DANDRUFF KEEPS HAIR FROM BREAKING OFF

WHICH WAY WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE YOUR HAIR—SOFT AND LONG SO THAT YOU CAN PUT IT UP IN THE LATEST STYLE OR SHORT AND KINKY

KEEPS SCALP FRESH CLEAN AND WHOLE—SOME MAKES HAIR GROW LONG AND LUXURIOUS

A WOMAN'S JUST PRIDE IS HER HAIR.

TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THAT KINKY, CURLY HAIR, PUTTING IT IN THE MOST PERFECT CONDITION TO BE COMBED INTO ANY SHAPE JUST TRY A BOTTLE OF LINCOLN HAIR POMADE.

There is no other preparation on earth to equal Lincoln Hair Pomade in producing soft, beautiful hair. Lincoln Hair Pomade is a natural hair cleanser—a natural promoter of growth and naturally reduces the hair to a straight and combable condition; but also supplies the hair with a silky sheen and gloss. No matter how rough or heavy your hair is now, no matter how hard or curly it may be, the use of Lincoln Hair Pomade will give you hair that can well be the envy of others. Lincoln Hair Pomade is the only highly recommended preparation for this purpose on the market. It is Lincoln Hair Pomade you want, so refuse weak and inferior substitutes. Do not take anything that is claimed to be just as good, but insist on getting the genuine.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

MANUFACTURED BY

The Lincoln Pomade Co.
NORFOLK, VA., U.S.A.
Agents Wanted Everywhere. Write for particulars. If your dealer does not keep it, send 20 cents in stamps or silver to THE LINCOLN POMADE CO., Department B, Norfolk, Va. and we will send you a bottle by return mail.

The Hawkins-Price Co.
Hair Growers and Restorers.
(TRADE MARK REGISTERED.)

Cures a full and natural human hair-brain. Styles in front pieces—black, brown, gray, moved gray. These styles are to match the hair very even in styling. The Face Beautifier makes the use of powder entirely unnecessary. It is a sample of hair if possible, so that we may be in position to match it correctly.

Prices: Braids, (natural hair) \$2.50; All-round Pompadours, (natural hair) \$4.00; Front Pieces (natural hair), \$2.50.

This Preparation has proved to be a fortune to many of the unfortunate, who are day-depicted with their hair. The merits of this great hair preparation naturally place it in a sphere all of its own, and the glowing terms in which our patrons speak of it, ensure us of its satisfactory results. We can well boast of a large patronage throughout this and other States and also enjoy the commendation of the very best white and colored people in this immediate community.

HAWKINS-PRICE HAIR GROWER AND RESTORER. We will from time to time produce preparation and are to-day among the many bearing witness of the genuine qualities. We do not desire the correspondence of those expecting a miracle or anything unreasonable. Our preparation is a natural and pure compound, the ingredients of which, we would not hesitate to put in print.

We will just here remind the public that the United States Government has placed national patent rights on our hair preparation by which it is protected, and we are in it will positively remove dandruff, Cure the Scalp of all Impurities, Restore Hair on Clean Temples or Bald Heads, where the hair is not dead. Price, 25 cents per box. The Face Beautifier makes the use of powder entirely unnecessary and is perfectly harmless. Sole Price, 25 and 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. A charge of ten cents extra is imposed on all out of city orders. Money can be sent by Post Office Money Order or Express Money Order. Address all communications to

HAWKINS-PRICE COMPANY,
616 N. 1st St., Richmond, Va.
Correspondence Strictly Confidential.

RAILROADS.

Southern Ry

Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac R. R.
TO AND FROM WASHINGTON AND BEYOND.

Leave Richmond	Arrive Richmond
4:30 A.M. Main St. Sta.	7:50 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.
4:50 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	11:55 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.
5:20 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	1:10 P.M. Main St. Sta.
7:10 A.M. Main St. Sta.	2:40 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
7:15 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	3:15 P.M. Main St. Sta.
7:30 A.M. Main St. Sta.	3:25 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
7:40 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	3:40 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
7:50 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	3:50 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
8:00 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	4:00 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
8:10 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	4:10 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
8:20 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	4:20 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
8:30 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	4:30 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
8:40 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	4:40 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
8:50 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	4:50 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
9:00 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	5:00 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
9:10 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	5:10 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
9:20 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	5:20 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
9:30 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	5:30 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
9:40 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	5:40 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
9:50 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	5:50 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
10:00 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	6:00 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
10:10 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	6:10 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
10:20 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	6:20 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
10:30 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	6:30 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
10:40 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	6:40 P.M. Byrd St. Sta.
10:50 A.M. Byrd St. Sta.	